

ATA-FILK

#23 (Disordian Issue)

August 1984



*Beyond the range
of human hearing

SPECIAL WORLDCON ISSUE

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STRUM UND DRANG

Vol. VI #3 SuD Lammastide

Inflicted upon APA-FILK by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781.

T W A N G S

ANAKREON (Boardman): re "Star Whores", I recall the second line as "She was a licensed libertine", and "Wookie" always in the singular. // re sister at the filksing--no, we'll just kvetch about both. // re Wordsmithy, see below.

FILK/DAWN (Groot): 'Follow' signs sound like a better bet than trying to regulate 'Me-Me-Me' signs. // re courtesy at sings, see verses below.

SINCE YOU ASKED, JOHN . . .

Wordsmithy is billed as a poets' apa; since the upcoming mailing (18 May) is only the fourth, you can put your money either way on how it will turn out. Copy count 20, collation every 7 weeks, minac every other distribution. Send contrib to VelmaJ Bowen, PO Box 504, New York NY 10034.

The idea is a workshop-by-mail for versifiers trying to write verses intended for recitation rather than singing. There are two filkers among the contributors so far, and we do occasionally put in some filk, but mostly not.

R I D D L E M E

[tune: the Riddle]

My hearers kind, fain would I know what thing it is that none desire:
from which distractions countless flow to rouse the gathered listeners' ire.

With a humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey,

Humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey.

A smoke, or drink, it needs to hold, while hearing songs of warriors bold.
If none is nigh, it flaps about; and puts the minstrel's mood to rout.

[spoken] That's one.

With a humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey,

Humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey.

There is a time to sing along, and time to heed the maestro's song.
In silence or with lifted voice, at least forswear competing noise.

[spoken] That's two.

With a humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey,

Humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey.

[continued]

It knows the history of each song; and must expound them to the throng.
Great homage to the minstrel brings: but will not hush and let him sing.

[spoken] That's three.

With a humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey,
Humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey.

Should it be strangled with a string? 'Twould be a sweet and fitting thing.
And ending of the proper sort-- But then the lute would be one short.

With a humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey,
Humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey.

Perhaps itself to strings be cut; there's always need for new kit-gut.
A sweet and fitting end 'twould be-- But would the strings be on the key?

With a humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey,
Humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey.

Should it smashed against a wall? A warning left for one and all.
Or shall we out a window fling? 'Twould be the neatest, simplest thing.

With a humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey,
Humble-dum, grumble-dum, humble-dum hey.

-- Lee Burwasser
Sherma Comerford

This is an old one, written before 1975. Nearer than that I can't place it.
The tune is the Elizabethan bawdy concernng what feeds the mouth that cannot bite. "Kit-gut", meaning fiddle-gut, is the original of cat-gut, which has of course nothing to do with cats.

CONFESSIONS OF A LATE-BLOOMING SAYERS FREAK

When the Beltane mailing arrived, I was some two-thirds of the way through the Wimsey series. Naturally, I began at once to wonder if Sayers fandom has its own filk.

My first thought was that it would be dashed difficult, don't y'know, because Wimsey's musical taste ran to counterpoint, and while there's no lack of madrigals and the like to be stealin' the tunes from, there's that bother of rehursals and all that, so as not to sound too beastly, what?

[All right, I won't do any more.]

Further reflection yields more hope. Not even Lord Peter could sing counterpoint by himself, after all, and he was always singing under his breath when he was either abstracted or very pleased. French tunes contemporary with "Auprès de ma blonde" or "Maman, dites-moi" would be period, if I might be pardoned the SCAdianism.

Next problem: What is there to sing about?

I've been trying to do something on Death Bredon, but aside from the difficulty of following up the one clue to pronouncing "Bredon", he wasn't all that consistantly maintained an identity. Still, there ought to be at least a limerick in there, once I get the pronunciation.

AND THE NEXT ITEM . . .

11 June 1984

For some time I've been quietly snarling at the number of filk tapes that are not available as records. My taper is dead, and was never performance quality anyway.

Finally, it got to be Too Much: I bought Clam Chowder--Leftovers in order to have "Windmills" and "Babylon is Fallen".

Then I bought a ~~walkman~~ personal player to play it on.

Now I'm going to get those Leslie Fish tapes I passed up.

Once I get a price list from Off-Centaur.

As soon as I find their address . . .

6 July

UPsidsaisy! Enter Cold Iron and Skybound. As I believe I mentioned after I got Solar Sailor, Leslie recorded is not quite up to Leslie live. Natch.

It will be faster to say which one I don't care for: "Skybound Blues".

I've been listening closely to the second voice on the chorus to "Hope Eyrie". I do believe the tune that we with merely human range sing it to is taken from that second part.

9 July

Another chap in the office also kipples, so I fetched Cold Iron for him to listen to. He likes the arrangement, and the voice.

We got to talking about odd ranges, and the pleasure of a voice that sweeps from tenor to alto without the horribly "mannered" style that seems to be required of countertenors. I wondered aloud if they deliberately sound like eunichs.

Thinking it over later, maybe I had it backwards. Countertenors remind me of me at the top of my range. I can't sing naturally up there; it's a strain just to get the pitch. Could it be that countertenor mannerism is intended to show that he's straining at the top of his range, and therefore isn't a eunich? If so, it doesn't work--they sound unsexed.

12 July

Imagine Leslie Fish playing a Vulcan: singing duets with Uhura and ravishing Scotty with her rendition of "Engineer's Hymn".

Momus' Phiz

formerly QWxh!!!

for APA-Filk #²¹³~~211~~, August 1984
from Gregory Baker
4103 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Apt. 1
Brooklyn, New York 11219-1207
Great Big United States of America,
Accept No Substitutions!

C A R T H A G I O D E L E N D R A E S T !

A Note of Introduction

EMPIRICON V, held this July at the Sheraton LaGuardia, was one of the best cons for filking held recently in New York. However, it could have been much better had the programming committee members given filksingers a bit more forthought. Perhaps filkers ought to volunteer for programming next year and no, Sacks, that doesn't include me, I've got other things to do in the summer like write articles for money...

Friday night was Fannish Friday, and the Starship Troupers aka Roberta Rogow and I, went on stage to sing our latest songs. As usual, we had very little rehearsal time, and I was tense from having two guitar strings on my new twelve-string guitar snap in two hours. But we managed to keep the crowd amused, even though technically the performace was a disater.

Saturday night Roberta and I decided to hold a filksing in our hotel room. After the panel that afternoon with Juanita Colson, Roberta, Randall McDougall and me, I had heard of the bardic circle style, and I tried it. It works very well when one wants to hear new filk- and I heard a lot! I haven't yet finished transcribing all the items on the tape.

Saturday night was also concert night. There were three acts on stage - Ichabod, Bermuda Triangle, and Fred Kuhn and Light. I missed this, though, since (a) I can hear Fred more often than a con (b) Bermuda Triangle concerts are getting to be like Rocky Horror Picture Show showings, and (c) I had Gary from California to tape. The concert-goers heard very talented musicians. We had clever ones again.

One of the funniest items I taped was Dr. Shirley Winston, Roberta's mother, who began to write a filksong to the "Road to Mandalay" while we were there, swapping songs.

Another funny piece was John Boardman's rendition of "Leia Marlene" to the tune of "Lili Marlene". Some of the younger APA-Filkers may not know the story behind the original. The tune was written in 1936 and more-or-less forgotten. During the Second World War, a record of "Lili Marlene" was used by the German army signalmen staffing Radio Belgrade, Yugoslavia, as the interval signal, which is a short piece of music used to identify a radio station between programs and just before sign on and sign off in most parts of the world. Radio Belgrade was audible in North Africa and the men of the Afrika Korps kept writing the station

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The Discovery by Gregory Baker

Momus' Phix, Aug. 1984

To the tune of "The Sloop John B."

Based on the events of June, 1984, when NASA proved that even a space truck can break down and cause a traffic jam...

'Twas on the Discovery,

The time nine minutes from T,

The four computers aboard were ready to drive,

But where's number five?

Is the backup alive?

If this won't work then the flight takes a dive!

CHORUS: So shut off the Shuttle's power,

Bring the crew from the tower,

It looks like we will have to face a delay!

Yes, I'm sorry to say

Things were doomed from the start,

Four voted for Mondale - the fifth one for Hart.

2. So they scheduled the flight again
And prayed that there'd be no rain,
And put the backup's backup there in its place -
Ready for space -
But then about face!

A pump had failed so they never left base.
So shut off the Shuttle's power,
Bring the crew from the tower,
It looks as if we'll have to face a delay!
Yes, I'm sorry to say,
Things aren't going to plan,
Let's scrub the Shuttle
And fly Ariane!

(Note - the French-made booster
used by the European Space Agency)

3. Well, Rockwell, won't you explain
Why Judy Resnick should train
So hard to crew a spaceship that cannot fly?

The Discovery

Please tell us why -

We await your reply -

At least with lemons you make lemon pie!

So shut off the Shuttle's power,

Bring the crew from the tower,

It looks as if we have to face a delay!

Will the Canadarm freeze?

Will Bob Crippen sneeze?

Or will the gantry collapse in the breeze?

So shut off the Shuttle's power,

Bring the crew from the tower,

It looks as if we'll have to face a delay!

Will the Canadarm freeze?

Will Bob Crippen sneeze?

We don't like waiting - fix Discovery, please!

- Gravity 1 by Greg Baker

To the tune of "Baby Face"

The third verse was suggested by John Boardman.

An elementary physics text in rhyme.

1. Gravity!

Let's all defy the law of gravity!

Let's all procure a piece of Cavorite -

Strap it tight -

We ought to rise to an incredible height -

Gravity!

What Isaac Newton noticed sitting neath a tree!

An apple conked his crown -

What goes up MIGHT come down,

That's how he encountered gravity!

2. Gravity!

A constant Newton noted down as "G"!

Which also is expressed as six point six

Seven times

Ten to the negative eleventh - it rhymes!

I forgot

To note dimensions as a physics student ought,

Momus' Phiz, Aug. 1984

So newton-meter-me-
Ter divved by squared k.g.
Is how we discuss it constantly!

3. Gravity!

It's just a matter of geometry!
In presence of some matter space is curved -
Time is too -
That is why I'm so attracted to you!
Gravity!
Of the four forces it is weaker than the three,
Although it's not too strong,
Its pull is far and long,
That's the strangest thing for gravity!

4. Gravity!

A Swartzchild radius is hard to see!
An object pulled within is held too tight -
All its might
Can't break it free - it' can't go faster than light!
While the tide
Causees great stresses pulling things from side to side
You'll be a plasma field
Before the stresses yield
That's how we ecnounter gravity!

Repeat Verse One.

The Religious Intolerance Song

Tune "I Don't Want To Join
The Army"

1. I don't want to be a pagan,
Goddess-worship's not for me,
If I have to have a choice,
You will never hear my voice,
Joining in the chorrs "Blessed Be"
I don't want to worship skyclad,
Circle dancing I would stop,
By joining up with Islam,
Only-one-god Islam,
And giving all the pagan folk the chop!

and requesting the tune. "Lili Marlene" became the hit of the North African war. British troops also heard Radio Belgrade and took up the tune. Those who thought that "Lili Marlene" ought not to be sung by Allied soldiers were rebuffed with the contention that the song was captured by British soldiers and under the Geneva Convention was legitimate booty of war.

"Momus' Phiz" is a reference to "To Anacreon in Heaven", the tune which later was used for "The Star Spangled Banner". I've been hearing a lot of "The Star Spangled Banner" recently on the T.V., since the U.S. has won most of the medals in the Los Angeles Games. I went back and looked at the original lyrics of "To Anacreon" and found that the song goes on like this:

Zeus gets mad at the Sons of Anacreon, since their music ought to be powerful enough to lure the Valkyries and the gods out of Heaven and the damned from Hell. He prepared to singe them with lightning when Apollo threatens mayhem. Momus, the god of mockery, tells Zeus not to worry, since they may have the tune, but he has the lyrics. It's appropriate for a filker, eh?

more "Religious Intolerance Song" verses...

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2. Moslems in the Holy City,
Moslems living in Seville,
Moslems at the gates of France,
Asking us to "come and dance",
Tends to make Pope Urban rather ill. And then told us all that we
He can't come into the city,
Until his reputation's made,
So gather round and cheer him,
Struggle to be near him,
The Holy Father's calling for crusade! We put them in our keeping,
Let's go out to kill the paynim,
Burn their cities if we choose,
And when we're going homeward,
To St. Peter's Dome-ward *,
Well stop to burn the Orthodox and Jews! | 3. Christians came into our village,
On a late September day,
With the Bible and with sword,
Said we're children of the Lord,
Should pray to Jesus,
Although we liked the Virgin Mary,
We weren't fond of how things run,
And when the Christians sleeping,
And sacrificed the lot to Father
Sun! |
|--|--|

** Known historical inaccuracy.*

*The Aztecs may not
have done this, but
I'll bet the Lithuan-
ians did this!*

Lest anyone think that I'm biased, I invite you all to contribute more verses. This is an equal opportunity insult.

For example : If there is no God in Heaven,
If there is no man upstairs,
If it means that when we die,
There's no being, there's no I,
Then that means that no one really cares.
That means we who have the power,
Also have the strings of Fate,
So let's all give a hearty,
Cheer to boost the Party,
Or face the consequences from the State!

*Delendra est
Carthagio,*

*Greg.
Baker*

Momus' Phiz, Aug. 1984

SING\$PIEL

Special Dischordian Issue
23rd Stanza for APA-Filk
=====No. 23==

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E. 18th
St #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 /
212-336-3255 / July 12, 1984

At Empiricon, I was talking to the Coulsons (Fan GoHs) on filk; Juanita described what her voice did to one mike which someone without permission but with warning) held too close to her. Also there, the group Ichabod sang an incredibly bad-taste song, "My lampshade has a tattoo" ("That should be recorded by the Jackson 5," I said to Fred Kuhn; "the Jesse Jackson 5."); they concluded with a song, "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke". Congratulations to Paul Willett - his Filk Phee-Nom-Ee-Non has been nominated for a Hugo for Best Fanzine and a Hogu for Worst Fanzine Title.

- & - THE MELODY LINGERS:Comments on APA-Filk #22 - & - (Sorry, Greg)

SING\$PIEL #22: I'm told Prairie Home Companion is broadcast live 5pm Central Time. By the way, Vinnie is running a hoax Worldcon bid for Lake Wobegon in '91; it would of course be called BisCon (for the Powder-milk Biscuits).

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Re the "Hartpence" matter, Gary Hart made the Hogu Ballot under Best Pseudonym. Under the Blackhole's Invisibility Award (for Conspicuous Absence) is "Anything resembling a good presidential candidate". // Donaldson&Kahn and Lucas can all get mad at Fred for "Makin' Wookiees". // Freedom to worship also means freedom to not worship, an idea intolerable to some. // "Charlene's Timesharing" - now if'n that don't sound risqué... // Yes, "Hymietown"/"Shantytown" would work well. A teacher of mine once described NYC as more of a salad than a melting pot (because some individuality/ethnicity is retained). Though not using the name Hymies for Jackson, in my district there was a Jackson delegate named Cohen. // Wordsmithy is a poetry apa run by our friend VelmaJ Bowen. // By the way, Joe Clark was Canadian PM for 6 months a few years ago. // If preachers raise hellions, no wonder politicians are so crooked - and they're trying to influence secular schools?! (Incidentally, a friend says he lost it to his rabbi's nympho/et daughter.) // Frisco has made "San Francisco" (from the Jeanette MacDonald film) Official Song and "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" (Tony Bennett's) Official Ballad. (Fans, of course, have their own use for "I ♥ SF" paraphernalia.)

FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN #6/Harold Groot: The current schedules read "Long Island Rail Road". // You filked a tune by Jordin Kare? Getting incestuous here. // I own but haven't read the Dickson book.

DR ORBIT vs b/Charlie Belov: The New Lots used to be my train.

SHARE AND ENJOY/Marc Glasser: "And your sister's retarded" is another line I've heard for "The Irish Politician". // As it turned out, V2 used none of Greg's suggested plots, instead ripping off WAR OF THE WORLDS.

NUKE THE KAZOO/Mike Rubin: My grandfather was a musician in the Dowager Tsarina's regiment. // Several people have attempted "Real Old-Time Religion" verses for Murphy but something keeps going wrong.

STRUM UND DRANG/Lee Burwasser: (Speaking of humorous guilt) Nice "Lightbulb" verse. What happened to the one on Reaganomicists? // Actually, under kilts they wear socks. // Without checking, I think the APA-Filk flyer (whose balloon letters I've retained as a logo) appeared in the Dec.'78 issue of APA-DuD, making it #19.

FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN #7/Harold Groot: The 4/4 Caliber Killer? // I know, I was punning on Yankees' and Rebels' Civil War connotations. (I hate explaining jokes.) // Bermuda Triangle concerts are very much a mutual sassing session. // Check with Deirdre Rittenhouse (2248 W Granville #2, Chicago, IL 60659) re the Dark Horde. // Wouldn't an eyepatch have sufficed - and added to the costume?

QWXB/Greg Baker: Liked "Three from the CIA".

It was a combination of fatigue and the fact that my voice was largely gone by 1 am which kept me from the Connie filksings. I'll see how things are at LACon. See some of you there. mb



Beyond the Last Visible Dog #3)

Filkers Yes

Yes folks, live and unedited, it's BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG, direct from the typewriter of your host, Vinnie Bartilucci, broadcasting from 45 Newburgh St. Elmont, NY 11003. Progam information can be recieved by calling the producer at (516)872-8414. This is episode three of a series too long to even imagine. It is transmitted in APA-Filk 22. All within (except where noted) is Copyright 1984 by Vinnie Bartilucci.

HELLO

It's been a busy three months. My song Science Fiction Blues won the filksong contest at Boskone in February. God Damn The Smurfs is now a permanent part of the Tru Faith revival canon. Not bad for the new kid on the block.

Speaking of the Tru Faith, a new holy verse of Mire of Ages (We are Sinking Deep in Sin) originally run by John back in APA-Filk#7. I am not sure of the author, so I will assume it was Mark Kennedy and Rawley Cooper. (If I am wrong, I apologize.) I have reproduced it here for further circulation.....

THE NEW REVEALED VERSE

WE ARE DRIVING INTO SIN,
SHIFT TO THIRD AND MOTOR IN.
AS THE FLAMES GROW HIGHER AND HIGHER,
WE'LL LEAVE SKID MARKS IN THE MIRE
WE ARE SINKING DEEP IN SIN,
WON'T YOU COME AND PUSH US IN?

BEYOND THE LAST
VISIBLE DOG
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APA-Filk #21 * Opinions=COMMENTS

Cover-(Mark Blackman) Congratulations to all of us for being involved in such a long-lived periodical. We can't stop now.

QWXb!!(Greg Baker)It's nice to see that you use HH for a good use. Did you ever get it to make noise?

SINGSPIEL(Mark Blackman) I was surprised that Bob Lipton didn't pop back for the 5th annish. //cBoardman- You would be surprised how many countries don't bother to write new music for their Anthems. Leichtenstein uses the tune to God Save the Queen.//cGroot If the Filks at LACon are too guesty, come to the Lake Wobegon in 91 Party.//

BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG(Me.) I might as well say it-God Damn the Smurfs is eligible for a Hogu.

ANAKREON(John Boardman)So Pete Seeger gets APA-Filk! Well Pete, how about a zine or two?// I think the main reason that some think no one writes protest songs are getting written is that nobody has a real need to hear them so they don't get circulated as much.//

HEMIDEMISEMIQU^UAV^{ER}(Jordin Kare) Gee, A Prairie Home Companion. I'll have to give that a try. Seriously, (from me?HA!) I am running the Lake Wobegon bid committee.//Has Return of Massteria come out yet?

SOPFNEN(Paul Willett)cBurwasser-Someone has done a filk of Alice in APA-NYU, a New York APA. It's called "Carl Sagan's Universe, and I'm sure other NYUans will tell you more about it.(Over to you, Mark.)//cme-You are indded thinking of the original song, The Scotsman, but it is not Scotty; just a regular scotsman.(There is such an animal?)//Regarding your controversy; I have not noticed tapers getting too crazy;it's usually a group reaction to get people to shut up.//I really hope to see you and The Book at Worldcon.(This goes for every body.)

PUBLIC QUERY-Is anyone interested in getting all the people from APA Filk together at one time for a real Party/Gettogether/filksing? I am willing to have it in my room on ,oh, Friday night. Contact me if you are for the idea. I know I want to meet everyone in the group, so I think it would be a better idea than just hoping to see each other at Filks.

I FILK(Chris Weber)Heartiest welcomes to our little crowd.//Speaking of Michael Jackson filk, I tried one to "Thriller"(cause this is Rocky Horror night.....)//You are lucky I don't counter this with Buried Alive, an early filk I did.//

DOCTOR ORBIT vs. THE TROUBLE CLEF-(Charlie Belov)APA collation is a classic.//I have a response to Our Mouse elsewhere in this zine.//

STRUM AND DRANG(Lee Burwasser) I hope you don't drop out; we need all the people we can get.

A CHEMICAL CHRISTMAS(Darren Suprina) Very Nice.

NEW YORK IN 1989 FLYER(assorted masochists) This is great! They are actually asking us to mock them! Help me out folks-one about the logo:The Eye and the Spire?

BEYOND THE LAST
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TINY STUFF DEPARTMENT

When I saw Our Mouse last ish, I worked my way half through this filk before I realized it isn't the same song. I don't know where I got the idea that these two songs are the same; guess they get played together a lot around here. Anyway, I need choruses, and I figured this would be the place to get them.....

THE HACKER HYMN
(Life's Been Good)

I have an apple, 64K.
I use a touch pad all night and day
I have a light pen plugged into core
Some day I'll learn what the keyboard is for.

I use a disk drive all of the time
To pirate programs; that ain't no crime
Voice synthesizers help me to hack,
But I get scared when my apple talks back.

I use a modem to help me break in
Guess at the password; hacking's no sin.
I have a feeling this time's not the same,
the screen just asked me "Shall we play a game?"

Any takers?

FILK NEWS

ITEM By now, I'm sure you know that Weird Al Yankovic in 3-D has been out for some time. I don't think it hit the charts, but it is doing very well. I think this is a sign that Fun Music is being slowly accepted into mainstream culture. Now if we could only get Doctor Demento back on New York radio.....

EDITORIAL-Ray Davies is a pompous fool. Weird Al has had a song called "Yoda" to the tune of "Lola" for some time.(Not to be confused with Marc Glasser's song of the same name to the same tune.) Ray Davies refuses to let Al publish it because he claims the song is "Too close to his heart" what a fool! The man obviously has no wish for money. If Michael Jackson (Mr. Sentiment himself,) let Al do Eat It, Ray can let his song go too. After all, he does get royalties.

ITEM Congratulations to MTV for letting Al take over MTV for five hours. Not only did he VJ, he actually chose the videos to play!(He played all his stuff, Madness, and the impossible to find Video for Soak it Up by Barnes and Barnes!(After the video, Al made a joke that Art Barnes used to play Lumpy Rutherford. He isn't very far off.....))

QUERY-Has anyone got any accordion books and music? I just got one, and I want to learn to play.(Has anyone else noticed a certain bias in this filk news section?)

ITEM Other albums out and coming out include a Wild Man Fischer("Nothing Scary";produced by Barnes and Barnes) A new Blotto album (no release date yet;"soon" said the boys.) and a promised Devo album.

BEYOND THE LAST
VISIBLE DOG

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I suppose many people have written songs about the great spies of modern media like Napoleon Solo, James Bond, etc. But no one that I know of have sung the praises of the men who keep the spies in business, so I wrote.....

ODE TO BLOFELD
(Blowin' in the wind)

How many times must James Bond be sent out,
Before SPECTRE's finally dead?
And how many gadgets must James Bond destroy
Before Q-Branch goes in the red?
How come every time that SPECTRE's wiped out
It always rises again?

The answer my friend, is Blofeld wants to win,
The answer is Blofeld wants to win.

How many times will their leader return?
And what does he look like now?
Is he German, Italian, Swiss, or Japanese?
How does he afford it all, how?
Why can't he just decide on one face,
And not look like six different men?

The Answer my friends, is Blofeld wants to win,
The answer is Blofeld wants to win

He could be in Baja, Japan, or the Alps.
He's always where you least expect.
First he had no had no hair and then no earlobes.
And now he's got "no fuckin neck"
How come when they come and blow up his base,
He pulls escape nine- hundred ten?

The answer my friends, is Blofeld wants to win,
The answer is Blofeld wants to win.

Well, that's all for this time. Till Hart admits
to being a clone of Kennedy, this is.....

Vinnie B.

BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG Issue 3.5

Hoooo, BOY, did we have troubles at the last collation. To start off, I mailed my zines and they didn't arrive in time. (Then I got to First Saturday and found out they hadn't collated yet, and I could have brought my zines with me!) Then when we finally started collating, we didn't know that John (you all remember him) had set up the zines in zigzag format, so we started collating straight across. As a result, not only is the last APA-Filk lacking a Beyond the Last Visible Dog, but the order is all cocked up, with pages out of order and reversed so you don't know what it is. As a result of the result, this issue has two Dogs, numbered 3 and 3.5, and will be collated together if we stumblebuns can remember how to collate. (Bringing in the zines, bringing in the zines.....) Anyway, this is a logoless BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG, brought to you by the ever whatever Vinnie Bartilucci, who still lives at 45 Newburgh St, Elmont, NY 11003, but will be in Anaheim in late August/Early September for certain fannish reasons. You can call at (516) 872-8414 to see if we can throw a party there, but be ready to pay for the drinks. It's all Copyright 1984 by Vinnie Bartilucci
....It's no Marc Glasser two page colophon, but it'll do.....

In my last issue, I mentioned that I'd like to have a gettogether of APA-Filk people that will be at Worldcon (I know I didn't have a zine here last issue; just back up three pages. See?) It still goes. Thursday night may work better tho. Drop me a line, and we'll all work something out. Maybe if some buggy brings their back issues, we can get a few things copied.

Since my muse seems to have gone and met Marc's muse at club Med, yes we have no filk. I do have a whole bunch of fragments which seem far too funny to let hang by the wayside, so I will throw them open and ~~ask~~ ask for help....

99 Fans a Room (99 red Balloons)

You and I at another big con
Get a hotel room with the money we've got
Friends come by, and with looks sincere,
Say, "there's no room; can I crash here?"

(I also have some verses to the effect of "99 fans a room, filking to the crack of doom", fighting for the tub, etc. I'd really like to finish this one.)

Another fragment is much smaller, to the tune of Veteran of the Psychic Wars. ("You see me now the veteran of a thousand fannish cons/I've been livin' in hotels so long, where the fumes of blog are strong...")

In a word; HELP!

APA-Filk #22* opinions= COMMENTS (Socialist tree monsters?)
SINGSPIEL (Mark Blackman) ~~me~~ the original as I said is on the album Gold Turkey. // ~~Boardman~~ No no, we had all the good songs. // Alice's Restaurant is no longer completely accurate- they tore down the NY draft center recently. // ~~Weber~~ When I renew my liscence, my plates will read OPNCHNLD. (Ask an U.N.C.L.E. fan.)

ANKREON (John Boardman) "Gary Hart" much appreciated and enjoyed. This may be a perfect example of why protest songs (and other such political) are not being sung. It's only been three months, and this one is already outdated, and I'd bet that half the people on the street wouldn't get the jokes. People nowadays are interested in writing songs

BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG
Page 2

(BOARDMAN Cont'd)

that they get sing for years, and never run out of style with.//Burwasse
Wordsmithy is VelmaJ Bowen's poetry APA. Write her for details.

DOCTOR ORBIT VS. THE TROUBLE CLEF(Barles A. Chelov) /Harold-The stories
I heard about Worldcon was that nobody wanted to be in any other room
for fear of missing a new song by Leslie or Julie.//

SHARE AND ENJOY(Marc Glasser)/Baker-This is great-fannish Sniglets!/Turns
out my plot was the one that got used.//me Suggestion slightly altered
and shot from the canon- Final line of third verse should read "Where he
has stashed a fifth of Dewar's and a Rubik's cube."/I have the version
of Chewing gum you speak of. The main difference is in the second chorus..

Does your chewing gum have more uses than it says upon the pack?

Can you stretch it out much further than the man upon the rack?

Can you lend it to your brother and expect to get it back?

Does your chewing gum lose its flavor when your lips refuse to smack?

....and there is no encore at the end. I'm sorry you don't know Dustman;
i've been trying to work out the words. As long as we're on a Lonnie
Donnegan kick, has anyone got a copy of a song he did during his come-
back in the 70's called "I've lost my Little Willie?"//

NUKE THE KAZOO(Mike Rubin) I think Greg wrote a verse or two for Murphy
and I'm sure there's more.//Don't ever apologize for a Mac. Just gloat.//

ASSAULT AND CATTERY(Not Cat) Have you mailed a copy of this to Garrison
by any chance? I'm sure they'd use it on the air.//Okay; there will be
some filk in this zine....

(To the tune of Jerusalem)

And did those paws, In dead of night, walk upon my brand new waxed floor?

And did those claws prepare to fight by sharp'ning on the kitchen door?

Bring me my ball on yellow yarn, bring me my food dish I desire.

Bring me my milk sweet tasty and cold, and set the neighbor's dog on fire

FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN(Harold Groot) I love Steven's song. This is
proof positive that all those years of listening to my Mom's Paddy
Noonan records did some good.

QWXB!!(Greg Baker) If you stage a coup to raise the number of issues,
I will personally ~~kill you to please with a kitchen knife~~ wring your
neck (APA-NYU joke.)//I like my lines to rhyme when they rhyme in the
original songs. For the sixth line, how about "And Hells one throgh
tenna" (Sure I know there's only nine, but I counted Jersey.)

Not a lot this time round. O well. Till Edward D. Wood wins an Oscar,
this is.....

Vinnie Q.

SSSSSSS	0000000	PPPPPPPP	FFFFFFFFF	NN	NN	EEEEEEEEEE	NN	NN
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SOPFEN is "Son Of Philk Fee-Nom-Ee-Non", where "Philk Fee-Nom-Ee-Non" (referred to as PFEN in general) is my monthly West Coast filkzine. PFEN is currently up to issue #30 (4/14/84) with issue #31 due out 5/19/84 and issue #32 due out 6/23/84.

Subscriptions and all back issues are still available. Send SASE for further information.

Seeing as how I am (as is the case more often than not these days) running behind on my fannish life due to interferences from my mundane life (I know, I have no sense of priorities whatsoever!), I can only hope as I type this that you are reading this in early May and not early August. If it's early August, well, you know that the USPOD didn't get it to John for collation on time.

Oh, you mean that I'm supposed to have it to John by the collation date instead of writing it on the collation date? *That's* what I've been doing wrong!

As for the current batch of PFEN issues:

PFEN #28 (2/25/84) features cover artwork by me (no shame!) and other artwork by Mel. White, Gary Anderson, Cindy McQuillin, and Jane Mailander.

Articles include "Songs & How They Get That Way: #5" by Joanne Forman, "MacIntyre Mania" by Tom Digby (about what to do when you want to sing "Old Dun Cow" in a quiet setting), "Chicago Musings" by Frank Hayes, and "Notes From Zinderneuf" (a letter from well-known filker Ron Bounds, currently living in France).

This ish had more than its share of looney songs. Songs included "Socks To Feed The Dryer" by Mistie Joyce, "The Fans Sang 'You Bash The Balrog'" by Jane Mailander, "Heart Like An Axle" by Leslie Fish, "The Wrong Stuff" by Beth Stevens, "McCarthy, McKenzie, & Me" by Janet Wilson & Beth Stevens, and "SMOF Ray Chen" by Robert K. Rose.

PFEN #29 (3/24/84) again features cover art by Mel. White (if I have to put my art on the cover I try to follow with one of Mel.'s, figuring that if

anyone's art is good enough to compensate for mine, hers is) and interior artwork by Gary Anderson, Cindy McQuillin, and Jane Mailander.

Articles included the first ConChord II update, "Songs & How They Get That Way: #6" by Joanne Forman, a short review of Bayfilk II by Robert Rose, and "Phone Filking" by Tom Digby (on the wonders of Touch-Tone (tm) phones, written in Tom's unique style).

Songs included "It Never Rains On Mars" by Mistie Joyce (an excellent new song), "Don't Ask" by Frank Hayes (hilarious), Verse One of "Young Man Mulligan Meets The Horse Tamer's Daughter And They Get Old Time Religion In The Caves Of Steel" (known for obvious reasons as YMMHTDATGOTRITCOS, and beginning with the avowed goal of becoming longer than all of those songs combined) by Robert Rose, "Ring Song For Frodo" by Cindy McQuillin, "Werebot's Lament" by Walter Willis, "Sorry, Cathy, It Slipped Right Out" by Jane Mailander (very sick, very funny), "Life On L-5" by Duane Elms, "Thank Ghod I'm A Romulan Boy" by Paul MacDonald, and "Summerborn" by Beth Stevens (another excellent song).

PFEN #30 (4/14/84) with cover artwork by Gary Anderson and interior artwork by Mel. White, Cindy McQuillin, Jane Mailander, Barney Evans, and myself.

Articles featured include two reviews (by Jane Mailander and Mistie Joyce) of the new Horse Tamer's Daughter tape from Off-Centaur, my long review of Bayfilk II, "Songs & How They Get That Way: #7" by Joanne Forman, a dissertation on what PFEN's needs are and aren't, and my review of Capricorn I.

Songs include "The Milky Way" by Duane Elms, "The Practical Programming Song" by Corey Cole, "The Ballad Of Gollum & Smeagol" by Frank Hayes, "Some Fool To Make The Drive" by Cindy McQuillin (her revenge on all of the rest of us responsible for the near infinite number of "Drive" songs), "Filker's Holler" by Mistie Joyce, "Lord Of The Filk" and Verse Two of "YMMHTDATGOTRITCOS" by Robert Rose, and my "Plot of Star Trek III" which you'll find also on page seven of this SOPFEN #3.

COMMENTS ON THE APA

SINGSPIEL As a matter of fact, I am known as The FUDEE-Buddy due to my involvement with the FUDEE Worldcon bid -- but how'd you know that (or did you?) I don't recall meeting you yet, and it hit me that I hadn't mentioned FUDEE in either SOPFEN #1 or #2...

FUDEE is the "Fortress of Ultimate Darkness in Eighty-Eight" Worldcon hoax bid that I started about two years back, just after a bunch of friends started the "I-5 in '88" hoax bid. (They want to put everything on wheels and cruise up and down I-5 between San Diego and Vancouver all weekend.) I figured that the home of Evil portrayed in Monty Python's "Time Bandits" would be a great place to have a Worldcon (think of the acoustics that we filkers could find!) so I started my bid.

Incidentally, my wife Janet is known as The FUDEE-Buddy.

The "Everything's Up To Date In Kansas City" tune seems a natural for songs about "The Day After". About the same time that Kathy Godfrey's song was coming out, Jane Mailander (one of LA's loonier filkers) came out with her version of the same general idea to the same tune. Hers is subtitled "Toto, I Don't Think That Kansas Is Here Anymore."

QWXB!!! At Capricorn I (the California one, not the East Coast one held the same weekend) your "Reflections Of A Bored Space Traveler" was brought to mind. At an excellent panel on the capabilities of the Shuttle Orbiter it was noted that the cargo bay was big enough to hold and the manipulator arm flexible enough to grab a Salut. The comment to top it all off was, "Wouldn't it look great on the second floor of the Smithsonian?!"

HDSQ Yes, I plead guilty to using the #Zd%#! compressed dot-matrix printing. As PFEN grew it became vitally necessary (bankruptcy is such a nasty experience) to get either more stuff onto the same surface area or to go with less stuff. Since I have a thing about anything resembling a "limits to growth" philosophy, I decide to reduce the articles, LOC's, reviews, etc... I would note that I do ~~not~~ reduce down any of the songs; I have just as much trouble reading small print of any kind as the next person.

I spent a lot of time playing around with typing things up and then getting them reduced down in an effort to avoid the reduced dot-matrix. Talk about a lot of hassles! No two copier reduce in the same proportions, each print shop has its own set of terms for what is a 64% reduction, or a 57%, etc...

With a little practice I can put together five pages like this (in fact, I am putting together these five pages) in about four hours, in columns and reduced, mixed with normal, large, & very large print, normal & *italics*, underlined, **boldface**, and if something happens at the last minute (as it

did for PFEN #30) I can re-do the whole damn thing in hours instead of weeks.

"Give me that Real Time Religion..."

In fact I did have some reservations about using this print when I started it, but after ten months of using it in PFEN, yours is the first negative comment (and it's obvious that five paragraphs about it is overreacting...)

I FILK Welcome, Chris. We need to get a few more West Coast filkers into this APA. (Actually, we need a few more filkers, period!)

I thought that some of your most recent ideas on "Filk Songs Even I Wouldn't Write" were pretty good, actually. Maybe next ish...

Eric was right about "Travelin' Time". Then again, I wrote "PR Saves", so let he who is without dreck cast the first cow chip...

STRUM UND DRANG The default solution to the problem of PFEN issue identification was used, i.e., I just took the same twelve colors and started over in the same order. It's mildly confusing but not bad. PFEN pages are numbered with both the page number in that issue and also the sequential page number (for example, page 16 of issue #30 is page #387 comprehensive). The odd part is that the people who badgered me into adding the sequential numberings now never, ever use them.

I specify "unpublished" songs mainly because while in the past I've often scrambled for material to fill sixteen pages a month, that's not really a problem now and there's a lot of good material out there. Getting it and getting permission to use it is the tough part.

The intent was to not take up space re-printing something that was already available in one of the "Westerfilk" collections, "Kantele", "NESFA", "HOPSGFA" or the like.

If something's been printed just once and with a limited distribution (APA-Filk would most likely qualify) there shouldn't be any problem in getting it into PFEN, particularly if the place that it was printed is now unavailable.

For example, I'm currently picking a song every month from Frank Hayes' "Generic Songbooks" and printing them. Frank never really printed the "GS's", he just stuck them on his computer and ran off a couple dozen copies for other filkers, mainly to stop the rash of people asking for copies of all of his stuff. I don't see that kind of distribution as in conflict with what I need for PFEN.

I would note for all that PFEN will be doing a special, double issue for Worldcon this year. In particular I'm looking for topical songs: Worldcon, Los Angeles, 1984, California, The Year Of The Rat, the Olympics, etc...

Deadline for that ish will be about mid-August, and please be sure to make clear that any submissions for that issue are for that issue. As usual, contributors get paid with a free copy.

PFNEN NOMINATED

That's right. Most of you have probably seen something in one of the big genzines, or you may have already gotten your actual Hugo ballots (ours arrived about two days ago -- ScanTron cards this year!) in the mail. But for those of you who haven't heard, yes, "The Philk Fee-Nom-Ee-Non" has been nominated for this year's Best Fanzine Hugo.

Part of the cause of that surely comes from the new Hugo category for Semi-Prozine, which took Locus and SF Chronicle and others and put them into their own category, leaving the fanzines for the fanzines.

Part of that comes from the growing number of filkers in fandom, and the fact that PFNEN is getting pretty well known in filking circles.

Part of that comes from the fact that Worldcon is in our backyard this year, and the LA filk crowd (led by Gary Anderson, Chris Weber, Rob Rose, Eric Gerds, and others) made a concerted effort to get PFNEN on the ballot. While I didn't discourage them, I didn't do any campaigning on my own either.

Most of that comes from the fact that, in a moment of madness, Janet and I said that we would show up for the awards ceremonies in camouflage and khaki evening wear. If that won't get your friends to vote for you, nothing will.

We also had Murphy on our side. Janet's now pregnant and expecting about the time of LAcon -- we figure that she'll either go into labor while we're on stage during the Masquerade or at the awards ceremonies, thirty seconds before the Best Fanzine award is announced. Either way we'll have some real fast talking to do when we hit the delivery room.

Anyway, it will be interesting to see what happens come September 2nd.

OTHER THINGS

THE MUZE #1 is out now from The East Coast Filkers Exchange. It's a quarterly and the first issue looks good. A few songs (including my "Road To The Future"), a few poems, and articles by Leslie Fish and Bob Asprin.

TECFE is looking for material for issue #2 and members for the organization. Full memberships (including "The Muze" and "Muzings" subscriptions) are \$20 annually; provisional memberships (six months only) are \$11.50. Deadline for issue #2 is 6/10/84. To join or submit write to Pat Ross, General Delivery, Moon, VA 23119.

GARY ANDERSON, a well-known ringleader in West Coast filking, will be on the East Coast for a couple of years. You on the Atlantic can look for the bearded Frog King with a good guitar, fair (but improving) voice, and some good songs. I know a few of you got to see him at Boskone. Take good care of him until we can get him back into the warm part of the world.

Gary is also one of the czars planning the filking at Worldcon in LA -- check with him (or me) if you want to volunteer or need information.

CONCHORD II: 3/1 to 3/3/85

In addition to all of the other things that I do in an attempt to interfere with my mundane life, I'm also the chairman of next year's West Coast filkcon, number 7.1 officially, otherwise known as "ConChord II: The Sequel". (See our flyer on page 8 of this SOPFEN.)

The con will be March 1-3, 1985, at the Ramada Inn in Carson, California. For those of you not familiar with the Los Angeles area, Carson is a semi-industrial suburb near the airport, a good distance from downtown (but then, in LA, just about everything is a long way from downtown!). The hotel has good access to both the freeways and airport.

Room rates at the Ramada will be \$45, single or double.

The committee is the same group that put on ConChord I in '83, just rearranged. I'm chairman, with wife Janet, Tera Mitchel, Eric Gerds, Carolyn Clemans, Jeff Rebholz, Chris Weber, & Karen Willson all doing yeoman's work.

GOH is Clif Flynt of Michigan. I assume that many if not most of you know Clif, author of things like "Unreality Warp", "Mama Rosa's", "Ian The Grim", "Michael O'Meara", and "The Unicorn".

Supporting memberships are \$7 at all times, and that will get you Progress Reports (all of which will contain songs), the Program Book (which will contain songs), "From The Cockpit II" (the post-con song book), and the obligatory membership button (which we're going to try to do in full color!).

Attending memberships are currently \$15; this goes to \$18 as of Worldcon, and goes up further after the first of the year. Attending members get all that the supporters do, plus the right to attend the con. The Sunday brunch (instead of Midnight supper) is also included with attending membership.

Filk Foundation members will get a \$3 rebate on their memberships.

T-shirts are available, and they're good ones. The show the ConChord II logo (see the flyer) on yellow. \$9.50 (postage and tax included) will get one for you -- remember to state your size.

Our motto: "No joke too stale or too cheap".

We really would like to see all of you there, but we're realistic enough to realize that most of you won't be able to swing the time off from work and/or the expense. That's why we're pushing the supporting memberships for out-of-towners. I would note that the ConChord I supporting package (PR's, Program Book, "From The Cockpit", etc...) ran to ninety-nine pages and seventy-five songs. That's a pretty good deal for \$7.

There will be a dealers room but the number of tables are limited and about half are already taken. If you want one, get one quick. Send SASE for more dealers information.

Please make checks out to **PHILK PRESS**.

Orders and inquiries should go to the address given on page one.

BAYFILK II: A REVIEW

In brief, we all had a *real* good time. Now for some of the details.

For those of you who have been living in a cave or under heavy sedation, Bayfilk II was this year's West Coast filkcon, Filkcon 6.1. It was put on by the Off-Centaur crew at the San Jose Red Lion Inn, site of the '83 Westercon.

By a bit after 7:00 on Friday we were ready to begin and we started with the Performer's Concert.

Holly Tannen was the first concert performer, the dulcimer being her specialty. Included was an excellent version of "Tam Lin".

Following Holly was Cindy McQuillin. Cindy had several new songs to premier. "The Worm Turns" is about a werewolf (don't ask!); also premiered were "Widow's Web" and "My Father Was A Harper".

Juanita Coulson led off with "The Pusher" by Ernest Clark, "Tice" (nobody does it like Juanita) and "Peter Grubb", done as a duet with Leslie Fish.

Diana Gallagher, the con's GOH, finished the first half of the concert. She sparkled on "Wong's Lost & Found Emporium", "Phantom Lover Of The Star-drive", and "Zero G Sex" (I know that that's not the official title, but the real title's too long!).

Following a brief break, Julia Ecklar sang a half-dozen songs, including "The Survivor's Song", "God Lives On Terra", and "He's Dead, Jim".

Frank Hayes assumed the title of token male in the concert and kept everyone in stitches. The man is delightfully looney. His set included "Twelve Years Of Worldcon", "My Grandfather's Clock", "Dead Girl Polka", "Never Set The Cat On Fire", and "Self-Inflicted". He represented his gender well.

The LA Filkharmonics had four representatives present (Marj, Jo Anne, Karen, and Meg) and they did eight songs in their usual excellent manner.

Leslie Fish finished the regular portion of the concert with seven songs. Featured were "Pride Of Chanur", "Feline American Princess", and "Heart Like An Axle".

Diana Gallagher was brought back for an encore since many people couldn't hear some of her songs earlier, due to a problem with mundanes in the second floor ballroom above us. "Tahl d'Jehn" and "Moon Miners" (there ain't no such thing as Earth-rise from the lunar surface, damn it!) were very well done. Diana officially wrapped up the concert about 12:15.

Just before 1:00 the group got started with some free-for-all singing as the living dead went off to find sleep and the lunatics stayed up to keep singing. It evolved into a "fast-and-dirty" bardic circle with no real leader or "ringmaster". Nonetheless, it kept moving right along pretty well, one of the best (and fastest) bardic circles I've seen at a big con. With fifty or more people involved, we still got around the circle in just over an hour.

Highlights of that session include: several good new songs from Duane Elms, a relatively new

filker from Ohio; "The Fury", a Fish/Lackey song sung by Leslie; "Daddy's Little Girl" done as a duet with Julia and Joey Shoji; "Run, Cthulu, Run", with the entire group making great squishing noises in between verses; all one hundred and twenty-something verses of "The Cucumber Song" (rumor had it that work was begun at the con on "The Bagle And Doughnut Song"); a couple of Kipples that I hadn't heard Leslie Fish do before; and "Summerborn" by Beth Stevens (see PFEN #29). It was a *very* good filk.

Saturday the dealers tables were opened up and an assortment of panels were held. I personally didn't see much of the panels since I spent most of the day huckstering zines, T-shirts, and ConChord memberships, and trying to catch up on sleep.

At 6:30 on the button, the Saturday evening festivities got under way. Golden Bough had another commitment elsewhere later in the evening, so they had to start on time and start they did. This seemed to throw a lot of people off, since filkers are used to "Fannish Standard Time" (i.e., late).

Golden Bough is a marvelous folk group from the Bay Area. It consists of Margie, Paul, Lief, and Florie (do they have last names?). Songs were done with accompaniment from guitar, Irish harp, fiddle, recorder, flute, mandolin, harmonica, and various percussion devices (spoons, cowbell, tamborine...), and there may be instruments that I missed.

Their best songs were "Black Jack Davy", "The Wizard" (which is on their first tape), and Archie Fisher's "Witch Of The Westmorelands" (their version is quite different from Stan Rogers'). For an encore they did the "Beans & Bags Whistle Rag" as something completely different.

After ConChord last year there was some talk about what a filkcon needs, and one of the things that came out of that discussion was the need of the average filker to have a forum to spotlight or showcase *just one* song. Many people will have something new and/or special that they've saved just for the filkcon. With just one song they don't fit into the concert, and in a mob sing or bardic circle their special effort can get lost. From this background the idea of the One-Shot was born.

Bayfilk II was the first con that I know of to try out the One-Shot idea and they did it *very* well. Those who wanted to do their one song signed up in advance, were put into order, and the committee kept them moving with a performer on stage, the next one "on deck", and the one after that in the hallway tuning and getting ready. This kept to a minimum the amount of wasted time on stage.

There were a few turkeys scattered among the twenty-three songs presented, but overall the quality was quite good and the concept in practice fit the need it was meant to. Highlights included:

Jane Mailander doing "Sorry, Cathy, It Popped Right Out" (see PFEN #29, page 16), with Cathy Cook hearing it for the first time and, amazingly, not dismembering Jane in response.

"The Authors" by Duane Elms, a tongue twister that makes "Chemist's Drinking Song" look tame. This effort got the best crowd reaction of any of the One-Shots.

A new song by Eileen Aitken ("Spaceships Have No Room For Children"?) which was excellent.

"Daydreams" by Corey Cole, one of his best yet.

"Wanderer", Jordin Kare's excellent new song.

"Midsummer's Eve" by Amy Falkowitz.

"Until Next June" by Joey Shoji and friends.

After the One-Shots were over we reformed into the "Mob Sing". The latest experiment in the never-ending search for a good way to run a sing with over a hundred people in the room, the "Mob Sing" relied on four "leaders" with cattle prods and many dozens of "Me! Me!" signs.

The idea was simple. If you have a song to sing, put out your "Me! Me!" sign and wait to be called on by one of the leaders. "Have a song to sing" means a specific song, ready to go, *NOW* -- it does not mean that you want to sing something in a general sort of way. This was designed to keep things moving, a prime consideration in any attack on the problem of large group filksinging.

Conversely, the back of the "Me! Me!" sign had a "Zzzzzz", indicating that you should be ignored.

I saw only one person get really upset by the system, and she had no justification for her anger. If one unreasonable person is your biggest on-site hassle, it's a workable system.

But... Workable doesn't necessarily equate with efficient or equitable, and there's still room for improvement here. (I've said a number of times that there is no ideal system, merely some that are less horrible than others.) For example, Duane Elms, being a bit new and from out of town, seemed to get lost in the shuffle because the leaders didn't know him.

What we need is an omnipotent, telepathic, omniscient, tone deaf, ex-baseball umpire, with absolute power over life and death...

Anyway, it seemed to keep things moving, for better or worse, and that's vital. Highlights were:

"Bayfilk Crazies", the product of Bayfilk I, done with just about everyone in the room on kazoo.

"Arise, My Love", done as a duet with Cindy McQuillin and Joey Shoji.

"Warlock", a new song by Tera Mitchel.

"Signy Mallory" by Julia Ecklar.

Juanita Coulson doing "Chess" and "Grugan".

An excellent duet by Gary Anderson and Janet Wilson, title uncertain ("The Leopard & The Bear"?).

Jane Mailander & Rob Rose doing their version of "How The Grinch Stole Bayfilk". This was long, but very popular.

"Diamonds On Velvet" (correct title?) by Paul MacDonald. A well written, well sung song.

Diane Gallagher doing "Planetbound Lovers".

"The Song Of The Wolfriders", a new song by Cindy McQuillin, about Elfquest of course.

"War Games" by Julia Ecklar.

"Song Of The Shield Wall" done by the group and led by Juanita, one of the very few group songs done on Saturday night.

"Spring Strathsby" done as a group song for the ladies, led by Julia.

The number one, top song that I heard the entire weekend had to be Joey Shoji's "Mommy, Can I Have A Spaceship?" In five verses Joey demonstrates a range that is fantastic, on a song that can stop me cold any time. If this song doesn't choke you up, get CPR, quick!

I died about 3:30 but the filksing was still going strong with a dozen or so guitarists alive and kicking. I was later told that they went until 7:00, broke for breakfast, and started all over again at 9:00.

When I staggered down at 9:30 to open our dealers table I found a "religious" filksing going strong, led mainly by Harold Groot. He and a dozen or so survivors were getting into "Forest Lawn", "Old Time Religion", "Jerry Fallwell Rag", etc...

While things weren't really expected to come alive until noon or better on Sunday morning, the room was never deserted and by 11:00 AM the "strict" bardic circle was in full swing.

While it was sputtering to life, some very odd stuff was done ("The Curley Shuffle" at a filksing?) and most of the stuff done in the circle itself was pretty standard fare. Everyone had a lot of fun with the old favorites, but there was little, if anything, new or notable done. Nevertheless, the bardic circle went on until 5:00 or so.

The taping set-up that was allowed for was very good and worked very well. The main taping table was next to the stage, but a separate table on one side about halfway back was provided for the "unofficial" equipment. Three or four of us with the better equipment were able to run mikes up to the stage, with several other tapers patched into our mikes. It worked very well all weekend.

I never heard any final attendance figures, but I was estimating about 110 or 115 warm bodies there, a bit smaller perhaps than expected.

One note on the people who weren't there. Arlin Pound, who can play a dozen different odd stringed instruments (he was the mystery man at Westercon in 1982; see PFEN #12, page 4) wasn't able to make it out from Kansas. Nor were any of the San Diego crowd of filkers, which was most odd. Also notably and regrettably absent was "Megaton" Mike Roberts, the nuclear weapons designer who surfaced with such great looniness at Bayfilk I.

All in all it was a very good weekend for all involved. Off-Centaur has good reason to be proud of the job he did. Teri, Jordin, and Cathy are already looking toward Bayfilk III in 1986 -- with the further experience gained with this con, it should be even better. I look forward to being there.

THE L.A. LIMERICK SONG

Once more, bravely forward...

- 24) While at a Scots party in full dress
The weather turned into a real mess.
A funnel cloud hit
And your arm, it was split,
And your first aid left you wearing less. **OR...**

Aye-eii-yai-yai,
The twister put you in a kilt sling.
So sing me another verse
That's worse than the other verse
And waltz me around again, Willie. **(PJN)**

- 25) Your battle with fairies was growing
When one left his weak defense showing.
With hammer you struck
But you missed him, worse luck!
And were lucky to barely keep going. **OR...**

You risked her ball peen for a halfling... **(PJN)**

- 26) A gentleman chef in Lake Wobegon
Would folks his new recipes try upon.
He invented a biscuit
Some decided to risk it,
And now he's got money to live upon. **OR...**

That Mister's the pleased Powdermilk king... **(VB)**

- 27) You're making a list of perversions,
A roster of odd, queer diversions.
Your wife likes the band
Where your sword meets your hand.
To her faith she is making conversions. **OR...**

You list her as keen on the hilt ring... **(PJN)**

- 28) The old King, so near to expiring,
Expressed his last wish while perspiring!
His daughter was thus wed
To the young prince, so well-bred,
Who finished the nuptials while smiling. **OR...**

He kissed her, then beamed at the ill King... **(RKR)**

- 29) There's a new breed of Dragons on Fern.
Their wings are as soft as silk worms.
They breed them with grubs
In Southern Holds' tubs
And now they are save from Thread burns. **OR...**

Your Dragon is safe with his silk wings... **(TBE)**

Well, there's six more. Credits are: PJN (myself), RKR (Robert K. Rose), VB (Vinnie Bartilucci), TBE (Thomas B. Evans). More next ish.

The Plot Of Star Trek III

Lyrics: Copyright (C) 1984 by Paul J. Willett

Music: To the tune of "Wabash Cannonball"

Author's Note: On 3/31 Janet and I (thanks to Eric Gerds & Carolyn Clemans) got to see a preview showing of "In Search Of Spock". This song is designed to let me tell you all about it, without blowing the surprise for you. It says a lot while saying absolutely nothing at all. The "___"'s indicated all represent one beat of the song. You can hum these beats, or get a kazoo or plastic slide whistle to make appropriately weird noises for the needed number of beats. There really are words for all of the blank spots, and the song really does rhyme and scan (at least, it does as much as any of my other songs do). If you want a copy of the full words, send me an SASE (address inside front cover) and I will mail them the day after the movie opens.

The movie starts ___ aboard the Enterprise.
When they get to ___ they are met with a surprise.
___ is ready for ___ to proceed.
The ___ is ___, a horrifying deed.

Kirk and the crew join in the fight, ___ to whip
While meanwhile ___ has ___, ___ in his _____.
When ___ tells Kirk ___ was _____.
Kirk figures that a drastic move can justify the risk.

Meanwhile a ___ has grabbed the _____,
They want the _____ also, so it's _____.
The science vessel *Grissom* is sent to _____
With _____ and _____ up the _____ crew.

Back on Earth old Scotty has joined _____,
_____ the _____. It's done with great pleasure.
McCoy escapes _____ with help from _____
And _____ they _____ the _____ to meet their ends.

While this is going on _____ has _____
Yet at the same time _____ runs amok.
The _____'s out of kilter, _____ Vulcan _____.
The _____ the *Grissom* and our heroes' luck is shot.

The Enterprise _____ and _____ fight.
A draw results but Kirk _____, _____ sight
_____ thinks they're fully armed with four hundred, _____,
He tells Kirk to surrender to see his friends alive.

_____ is murdered (a brave and noble death).
The captain _____ with only one _____.
The Enterprise _____ then _____.
Our heroes _____ and _____ up the creek.

The _____ captures them and _____
He fights Jim Kirk while Hell breaks loose, but finally makes a slip.
Kirk and the crew now _____ and take off
While _____, _____, takes after old Grand Moff.

They get _____, have _____ -- the scenery is great.
McCoy _____, but Spock _____.
But then _____ and stops while _____.
Just how they'll do a fourth film I'm certain I don't know!

MARCH 1-3, 1985

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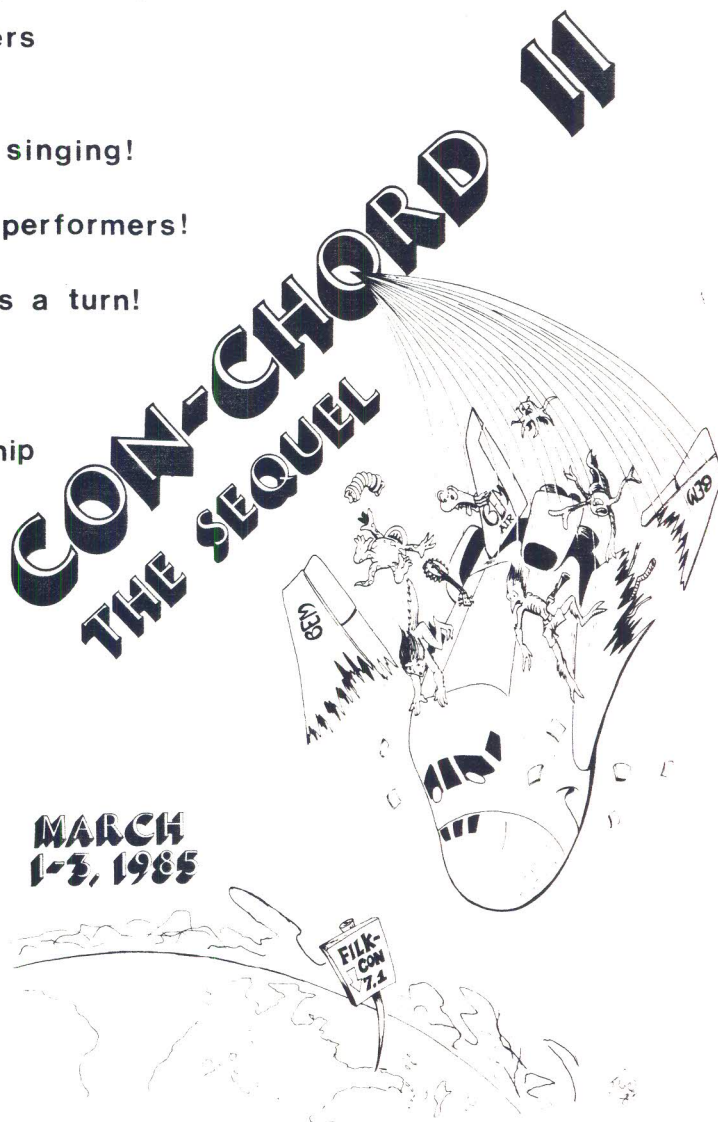
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MEWD CONDUCT page two by Not-Cat

I think a cheerier song would not be inappropriate. We sang this one at the More Liver Action Group protest at Mouscone Center during the Convention. It can be sung by cats or humans. There are many versions of this song, so you may have to adjust the closing verse (e.g. The Mamas and the Papas replace the last two lines with "Down in Meow-Lay Cattafurnia" follow by a litany of other purr-laces.)

PURRING IN YOUR EAR

by Not-Cat

tune: Dancing in the Street by Stevenson & Gaye

Kitty cats around the world / Are you ready for what can
occur?

Supper's here and the time is right / for cats to loudly purr

They'll be purring in Chi-cat-go / down in Mew Orleans

In Mew York Kitty

All they need is dinner, sweet dinner

There'll be kittens everywhere

They'll be eating dinner and washing their fur

And purring in your ear

Oh, it doesn't matter where you were / just as long as you
can purr

So, come on, kitty cats, purr ^{at} ~~as~~ humans, everywhere around
the world.

There'll be purring, purring in your ear

There'll be purr-ticipation across the nation

There's ~~xxxx~~ nothing left to fear

They'll be eating dinner and washing their fur

And purring in your ear.

Purr-adelphia Purr-ay / Purr-timore and Mew-C

Don't forget the Motor Kitty

All they need is dinner, sweet dinner

~~There's~~ There'll be kittens everywhere

They'll be eating dinner and washing thier fur

And purring in your ear.

Oh, it doesn't matter where you were / just as long as you
can purr

So, come on, kitty cats purrs at humans, everywhere around
the world.

There'll be purring, purring in your ear

Way down in Meow-Lay, every day, they're purring in your ear

No howls or news, at me or you, they're purring in your ear.

qs on APA-NEW 109: Rick Buchanan: I got cat class and I got
cat style. // Elizabeth Willig: Cartoon: Not uncommon. me:
A tragic tail but true. // Vinnie Bartilucci: Sang and purred.
// Ronnie Dearest: If you have any complaints about my zines,
direct them to me, not my human. // nu110 covers: hisss, spit!

ANAKREON

#23, APA-FILK MAILING #23

1 August 1984

LEIA MARLENE

(Tune: "Lili Marlene")

At Moss Eisley Spaceport,
By the old canteen,
Stands a lady waiting,
If "lady's" what I mean.
She rests her eyes upon your face.
Her heart is in another place.
She waits, Leia Marlene,
She waits, Leia Marlene.

Once she was a Princess,
So she likes to claim,
Daughter of a Jedi,
Annakin was his name.
He left her in a garbage can
Beside the throne of Alderaan.
She stayed, Leia Marlene,
She stayed, Leia Marlene.

During the Rebellion,
So the 'droids all say,
Leia and a farm boy
Together went away.
They swore to love through thick and thin,
And then she learned he was her twin.
She learned, Leia Marlene,
She learned, Leia Marlene.

Next she met Darth Vader
In the Deathstar's head.
He blew up a planet
To light their way to bed.
She wondered what he might have had,
And then she found he was her dad,
Alas, Leia Marlene,
Alas, Leia Marlene.

Inspiration for this one came during a filksinging session at Empiricon on the evening of 6 July. Eight verses eventually got written, and I imposed them on every filksinging session I got into, and on a few other people who couldn't run fast enough. It has been suggested that I might have to run fast enough, once Star Wars fans hear of it. My excuse is, what might have happened to the principal characters if the Rebellion had been defeated.

Then she met a smuggler
Where the ships depart.
He was bold and dashing,
And so he won her heart.
Then she discovered as her fate
Just why he called a Wookiee "mate".
Too bad, Leia Marlene,
Too bad, Leia Marlene.

Then she met a noble
Over Bespin Five.
Tarkin was his title,
And how he could Moff-dive!
Soon all the fleet was mustered, but
This was a thing he couldn't cut.
She left, Leia Marlene,
She left, Leia Marlene.

Then a factory owner
Covered her with furs.
He's a man of business,
But not the same as hers.
Next she broke up with Boba Fett,
For he asked her to pay him yet!
She paid, Leia Marlene,
She paid, Leia Marlene.

Now she's old and friendless,
Working at her trade,
Feeling like a lost soul,
Or, at the least, mis-laid.
Still you should meet her for, of course,
Within her is the same old Force.
She waits, Leia Marlene,
She waits, Leia Marlene.

YESTERFILK

VIII. Something for Everyone

"The hope of civilization rests on the worthy banners of the courageous Russian Army." - General Douglas A. MacArthur, 23 February 1942

"Russia is not a full partner of the United Nations. She is a semi-partner of the Axis." - New York Journal-American, 30 March 1942

"Oceania was at war with Eurasia; Oceania had always been at war with Eurasia." - George Orwell, 1984 (1949)

On 6 June 1984, the United States of America with several other nations celebrated the 40th anniversary of the D-Day landings in Normandy. There were some curious omissions. General Eisenhower's announcement of the landings was frequently rebroadcast - always with the omission of the line "made in conjunction with our great Russian ally". Almost no one mentioned that the German tanks that otherwise would have wiped out the Allied beachhead had been destroyed, to the number of about one thousand, in the battle of Kursk 11 months earlier. But then, the battle of Kursk has never played a great part in Anglo-American accounts of World War II.

During the 40th anniversary observances of D-Day, the New York Post columnist Patrick J. Buchanan, a former speech-writer for President Nixon, tried to write out of history the Soviet contribution to the defeat of Nazi Germany. He started with the Hitler-Stalin Pact of August 1939, which has been uniformly regarded in the west as a cynical rapprochement of two dictators, and in Russia as an example of the centuries-old Russian policy of trading space for time in preparing the national defense. This pact had its repercussions in filk-music, as can be seen by these verses to the tune of "Clementine".

While I picked this one out of the Socialist Song Book, published by the Young People's Socialist League in August 1959, it obviously dates back to the fresh indignation felt in 1939 when Ribbentrop flew to Moscow and had his little conversation with Molotov.

"In Old Moscow

In old Moscow, in the Kremlin,
In the fall of '39,
Sat a Russian and a Prussian
Writing out the party line.

Once a Nazi would be shot, see,
That was then the Party Line;
Now a Nazi's hotsy-totsy,
Trotsky's laying British mines.

CHORUS: Oh my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling party line;
Oh I never will desert you,

CHORUS:

Leon Trotsky was a Nazi;
Oh, we knew it for a fact.
Pravda said it; we all read it,
BEFORE the Stalin-Hitler Pact.

Now the Nazis and the Fuehrer
Stand within the Party Line,
All the Russians love the Prussians,
Volga boatmen sail the Rhine.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

(Personally, I have always enjoyed singing this with the rather old-fashioned pronunciations "Roosian" and "Proosian".)

However, once Germany invaded the Soviet Union, and 5½ months later declared war on the United States, a lot of people changed their views if only temporarily. (See the quotation, above, from a Hearst newspaper, which never did come around.) It is a little difficult for people to believe who did not live through that period, but there was a genuine fellow-feeling with the Soviet people here, and strong support for the

desperate struggle they put up against the invaders. The book which best captures this struggle, Alexander Werth's Russia at War, tells many stories of Partisans who carried on the struggle far behind German lines. This was well-known in the United States during the war, and considerable fame was achieved by "Ludmilla the Guerrilla", who had a formidable record of kills against German troops.

Ludmilla, for whom I have not been able to find a family name, apparently paid a visit to this country sometime during the war. This poem marked the event; it was printed in David McCord's anthology What Cheer (Coward-McCann, 1945).

Ludmilla: An Ode on the Occasion of Her Departure from These Shores

Ludmilla, the Soviet lassie,
Has many a notch in her gun;
She thinks it a trifle to pick up a rifle
And blow out the brains of a Hun.
If cartridges happen to fail her,
She's equally expert with steel;
She uses a dagger to cut off the swagger
Of ev'ry Hitlerian heel.

The Finns and Rumanians dread her;
Their leader has only to cry:
"Ach, here comes Ludmilla, the demon
guerrilla,"
And back to their bases they fly.

Contrariwise, Russians adore her -
The gal with the gat in her gown;
From Omsk to Tiflis the redoubtable miss
Is toasted by country and town.

But where is the Muscovite hero
Would venture Ludmilla to date?
Her great reputation for swift
liquidation
Would make her a perilous mate.
One man, and one only, is worthy;
I move, Mr. Chief Commissar--
And the motion is carried - that she
shall be married
To Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

This, of course, refers to a song that probably goes back to the Russo-Turkish wars of the 19th century. I first learned it when it was considered appropriate to shield the kiddies from bawdy ballads and bring them instead songs of war and bloodshed. So the first version I learned sang of a battle to the death between the Turkish champion, Abdul, the Bulbul Amir, and his Russian foeman, Ivan Skavinsky (or Skizavitzky) Skavar. It is so reprinted in Frank Lynn's Songs for Swingin' Housemothers (Chandler Publishing Co., San Francisco, 1961). But another tradition is preserved in two otherwise quite different versions that appear in Count Palmiro Vicarion's Book of Bawdy Ballads and The Erotic Muse, two anthologies that have been frequently cited in ANAKREON. In these versions, which seem to have come later than the "combat" version, the two paladins compete with each other in a fucking contest. Ed Cray, compiler of the latter book, says that "This ballad is relatively rare in urban circles, and is perhaps dying." This is not surprising; the Russo-Turkish rivalry was a major factor of European politics in the last century, but has now been succeeded by others.

This is not surprising; filk-music exists in the same world as the changing patterns of international rivalries, and responds to those changes. That Turkey and Russia fought many centuries of wars is now almost forgotten, and people are fast forgetting that the United States of America and the Soviet Union were once allies. When the Soviet Union was mentioned at all during the D-Day observances, it was as a militarily negligible participant in World War II, which has now succeeded Nazi Germany as a major world menace. The Anglo-American contribution to the common effort was similarly downplayed in Moscow. Oceania was at war with Eurasia. Oceania had always been at war with Eurasia.

*

ANAKREON, a quarterly bulletin of filksinging, is published by John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. It circulates through APA-Filk, about which further information may be found under the heading "The Ministry of Finance". It is also available by subscription at \$2.50 a year.

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflamm
O Optic
N Nerves

126

SUN MYUNG MOON IS COMING TO TOWN

While I have printed this song before, I have not printed it in ANAKREON. It first appeared in my war-gaming publication, GRAUSTARK, in its 318th issue, on 5 October 1974. Now that the well-known Korean Messiah is starting the traditional prison term for tax evasion, his name is back in the news again. It will be recalled that, when he took the stand in his own defense at his trial, he claimed to have had conversations with Moses, Jesus, and Buddha. He did not say whether they were all present at the same time. According to one tradition, Buddha died of overeating pork. Moses, of course, would have said, "Schmuck! I coulda told you!"

If you're approached by Moonies asking for money, offer them \$25 for a copy of Master Speaks. This is the inner circle's book of strategy so the mere pavement pounders may be unaware of its existence. However, I strongly recommend trying it in case you really can get hold of a copy. It is said to describe Moon's belief that Jesus blew the bit and that he himself has to come and finish the job right. It also describes the sort of holy dictatorship that he and his plan to put into effect.

(Tune: "Santa Claus is Coming to Town")

You'd better not doubt,
You'd better not fight,
You'd better believe
The Radical Right.
Sun Myung Moon is coming to town!

Unquestioning submission
Is what he wants from you.
He thinks a lot of Chung Hee Park,
And Richard Nixon, too!

You'd better not sneer,
You'd better not laugh,
Or black-belted goons
Will tear you in half.
Sun Myung Moon is coming to town!

He's making a speech,
He's leading the band,
They say that he's worth
A few million grand.
Sun Myung Moon is coming to town!

He is the new Messiah,
A hundred times as good
As a loud-mouth Okie Baptist
Or a teen-age Hindu hood!

His kids are around
In every niche,
Begging for dimes
And making him rich.
Sun Myung Moon is coming to town!

He doesn't want fame
Or power or land,
Just women in bed
And cash in his hand.
Sun Myung Moon is coming to town!

He's flown in from Korea
To make us understand,
He wants to make America
Just like his native land.

He's looking for girls
To start a new race,
So open your legs
And shut up your face.
Sun Myung Moon is coming to town!

He's pulling in crowds
From far and from near.
They won't know his name
By early next year.
Sun Myung Moon is coming to town!

Incidentally, the business about "girls to start the new race" is a part of the theology that gets downplayed for public consumption. One of the ways in which Jesus failed, according to the Moonies, is that he didn't get a "perfect race" started. A new Messiah, born in Korea in 1920, will allegedly succeed where Jesus failed. "Chung Hee Park" and "Richard Nixon" were respectively a Korean and an American President who had major roles in Moon's theology; both were more or less assassinated during the 1970s, so what Moon will now do, I don't know.

FIRST VERSE OF A COMPUTER FILKSONG

(Tune: "Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?")

Once I wrote a program, so concise,
Plotted orbits all day.

Once I wrote a program, stored it twice,
"Buddy, can you spare a \$K?"

This one also occurred to me during Empiricon, and was inspired by the current cut-backs in the computer industry. Anyone who knows those cutbacks more intimately than I do, is welcome to take Gurney's immortal tune, which dates from the last Depression, and try to make it applicable to the next one.

THE WITCHING HOUR

Yes, O faithful readers (of any faith), it's coming up on that time of the year again. The next issue of ANAKREON, the 24th, will be the next of the annual collections of verses to the Pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion". Please send your verses (those you've composed and those you've collected) to me by early October, and I'll see that they get into the Samhain Mailing of APA-Filk - and also into Pagan-APA, whose editor has been running them for the past couple of years.

Those people who complain about the quality of the verses collected in "That Real Old-Time Religion" have a simple remedy open to them: Write better ones yourselves.

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON, a quarterly bulletin of filk-songs and filk-singing, is published by John Boardman, 234 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. These comments take up the 22nd Mailing, published on 1 May 1984.

Singspiel #22 (Blackman): The contrast between an "official filk-sing" and "merry spontaneity" was evident a month ago at Empiricon. The "official" session was poorly attended, and an even more "official" evening of formally performed music was divided between the Bermuda Triangle, who never learned to enunciate, and another group that sang a merry song about a tattooed lampshade. Sensible people went in for several sessions of "merry spontaneity" in a little room off the lobby, where several very good filksingers and also myself sent verses around a table. This was done on the "play, pick, or pass" system, whereby each person in turn, around the table, had to play a tune, or name someone else to give us a song, or pass. It worked quite well.

One woman, whose name I didn't catch, sang a song to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" about the sinking of Atlantis. This was not the song I put into ANAKREON #2, but an independent invention. The theme was the same, but none of the verses were.

The "ND" symbol, for "Nuclear Disarmament" is indeed the origin of the peace symbol. It is a combination of the international semaphore codes for the letters "N" and "D". So pay no attention to anyone who tells you that it is an ancient Satanist symbol, or the emblem of the Umpty-Third Panzer Regiment.

You may be right in that the anti-nuclear penguin of Alex Comfort's song "First Things First" may be related to Berk Breathed's Opus. True, Comfort's penguin claimed to come from the North Pole, while penguins are generally believed to be limited to the Southern Hemisphere. But Opus is forever fretting about being attacked by walruses - and walruses live

only in the Arctic. So maybe there's a Lost Colony of Pacifist Penguins at the North Pole, and two of its members have made it into popular culture.

Filkers Do It Till Dawn V. 6, #1 (Groot): "Dying in Honor" seems to be a very popular activity these days.

Juanita Coulson was at Empiricon, and the filksinging sessions were much enlivened by her presence. She ripped out "Song of the Shieldwall" with a fast, belting rhythm quite different from the one its composer gives it. Though I appreciate Juanita Coulson's long-time expertise in filksinging and folksinging, I rather prefer Melissa Williamson's style.

Share and Enjoy #8 (Glasser): I've tried "The Irish Politician" on a few people, and usually got laughs - rueful ones from Democrats, belly ones from Republicans. It'll probably still be topical in 1988, with the addition of a few more dead or junkie nephews and nieces, since he seems to imagine that the right polish job on his image can somehow make him a serious presidential candidate. (Is that another polish joke?)

Not only has it been "a long time...since I've heard anyone sing 'The Ballad of Giovanni Batista Montini'", but nothing seems to rhyme with "Wojtola".

Nuke the Kazoo #1 (Rubin): When fans shared a hotel with drunken Middies at the 1981 Philcon, three of the Middies attended an impromptu filksinging session in a window bay. (They were pissed off at having been held to a tie by an underdog Army team at the Big Game earlier that day. I was just as glad it was the first weekend in December 1981 instead of 1941; imagine having had to depend on that crowd in a pinch!) The only song they really liked was "The Outer Space Marines". Afterwards, so I am told, as the session was breaking up, one of them asked one of our group, "Are you really all going to have sex together now?"

A cursory inspection of the 497 published verses shows that "That Real Old-Time Religion" has not yet honored Murphy. So go ahead!

A local folksinger, a Pagan I believe, has been singing Peter S. Beagle's "When I Was a Young Man" with sexes reversed, as "When I Was a Young Maid". She used the tune "The Ash Grove".

I hadn't read Firestarter, or any other Stephen King book, at the time I heard "Daddy's Little Girl" at the 1983 Worldcon. Still haven't, either.

-Your version of "Country Roads" was heard several time, to great enjoyment, at Empiricon.

By all means schedule topical filks about Dorsai and other mercenaries well in advance. I'll want to know what to avoid.

The Sandman Commeth (Savitzky): I've seen the Bardic Circle, of the "Play, Pick, or Pass" sort in operation twice now, once at Lunacon and once at Empiricon. Without such refinements as "ME-ME-ME!", "PASS", or "FOLLOW" signs, they seemed to work quite well. The former circle was about 25 in number, and the latter 10 or 12. Of course, we were fortunate that the Bag Lady (so called because she's shaped like a bag) didn't find the filksings and drone through her interminable and tuneless creations.

It is amusing to watch the look on the face of a Midwest-style filksinger at a first visit to an eastern con, when he or she finds out that all those warm bodies out there are actually going to join in on the song, instead of sitting quietly in dumbfounded amazement, or feel flattered that their unworthy selves are occasionally allowed to come in on a chorus.

Filkers Do It Till Dawn V. 6, #2 (Groot): It is one of the constraints within which an apa operates, that 'zines cannot be collated if they are not present. Your contribution to the 21st Mailing was due on the 1st of February. The Mailing was put together on the 4th. Filkers Do It Till

Dawn V. 6, #1 arrived on the 6th. I don't recall the postmark date. We have a similar situation left over from the 22nd Mailing. Theazines for it were due on 1 May. It was assembled on 5 May. Sopfen #3 got there on the 7th.

Late contributions like this could be expected for a tri-weekly apa like APA-Q, or a monthly one like Mentat. But it does not seem unreasonable that, with three months to prepare a contribution, they could get in by the deadline.

Just to make everything "perfectly clear": The 24th Mailing of APA-Filk is scheduled for Thursday 1 November 1984. It will probably be put together on Saturday 3 November, since that will also be a collation date for the 219th Distribution of APA-Q, the 45th Mailing of Mentat, and the 500th issue of my postal war-gaming publication GRAUSTARK. (It will also be the day on which Robert Bryan Lipton, the founder of APA-Filk, will marry Rachelle Du Bey.) However, in case I discover that it will save time to assemble APA-Filk's 24th Mailing after the 1st and before the 3rd, well, the 1st is the deadline.

* WARNING * WARNING * WARNING * WARNING *

PLOT SUMMARY - THE JEW OF MALTA

Your description of the plot of King's Firestarter reminds me somewhat of the way in which Christopher Marlowe develops the character of Barabbas in his c. 1590 play The Jew of Malta. At the beginning, Barabbas seems no worse than the usual businessman and usurer. Then the Governor of Malta squeezes all his wealth out of him on a shallow pretext. Then Barabbas goes to work; by the time he dies he has chalked up a sizable record of death, treachery, and destruction. Of course, in a variation of the plot of Firestarter, he kills his daughter.

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk is a quarterly amateur press association for exchanging and discussing filksongs. The copy count is 50, but send a few extra to be on the safe side. I can mail you your copies of APA-Filk for cost of stamps and the envelope. In fact, if you don't have your own printing facilities, just send me your contribution to APA-Filk on any kind of mimeo stencils that will fit on a Gestetner, and I'll print them at 1 1/2¢ per copy per sheet.

APA-Filk accounts, as of 30 July 1984, are

Charlie Belov	\$6.32	Margaret Middleton	\$3.22
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Mark Richards	99¢
Sean Cleary	\$12.31	Michael Rubin	\$4.07
Harold Groot	\$1.10	Pete Seeger	\$14.26
Jordin Kare	\$3.66	Paul Willett	\$14.58
J. Spencer Love	\$7.50		

The accounts of Vinnie Bartilucci, Lee Burwasser, Phil Cohen, Dana Hudes, and Bob Lipton are combined with their APA-Q accounts and are reported in APA-Q. Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Elliot Shortt	-\$2.00
Dave Klapholz	-62¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
Dena Mussaf	-87¢		

After postage costs for the 23rd Mailing, your balance is _____.

GRACELESS NOTES

I find that I left out one line of the chorus of "In Old Moscow", which is printed on page 2 of this issue. The chorus is:

Oh my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling party line;
Oh I never will desert you,
How I love this life of mine!

*

Roberta Rogow was at Empiricon, and enjoyed "Leia Marlene". She asked me to send a copy to her so she could sing it at another convention the following weekend, though I'm not sure it got there in time. She writes that Rec-Room Rhymes #3 went to the printers on 28 July. She is interested in getting other ANAKREON verses, particularly "The Dragons Roar In", just in time for a new C. J. Cherryh novel on telepathic dragons. (40,000 for Gehenna) And so she wants to get APA-Filk Mailings. I'm sending her this one on spec, so we may soon see her as a member!

*

Margaret Middleton and Charlie Belov have new addresses; see their contributions. Bob Lipton's new address is 2020 Worden Ave., Danbury Conn. 06811.

*

I'm going to have to study up on lullabies again. My daughter Deirdre Perez and her husband Corporal Chris Perez, USMC, became on 24 June the parents of a son, Anthony Christopher. He came in at 4.1 kilograms. Deirdre and the baby will be living with us until January, when Chris gets back from sea duty in the Pacific.

*

Chances are I won't be home for the actual assemblage of this issue of APA-Filk, which will take place on the evening of 4 August. I will then be at Towson, Maryland, refereeing a war-gaming tournament. But Perdita will be here, and the usual collation of APA-Filk and of Mentat can take place. I will leave instructions to the collators, and those copies of the Mailing that aren't picked up by members then will be mailed out by me on Monday the 6th - or on Saturday the 11th, for those APA-Filk members who will also be getting the APA-Q Distribution of the latter date.

ANAKREON #23

John Boardman
234 East 19th Street
Brooklyn, New York 11226

FIRST CLASS MAIL

SUPPOSE THE REBELS (against the Galactic Empire) HAD LOST!

See page 1.

DOCTOR ORBIT VS. 'THE TROUBLE CLEF c#' (C# one octave above middle C) aka Good Grief, More Doctor Orbit Papers page 33 and possibly page 34 depending on whether there are one or two pages, Bellona Times Tabloid #912, by Charles A. Belov, 2215-R Market St. #153, SF CA 94114-1612. Please send all zines/~~xxxx~~ apae to POB 3434, Rincon Annex, SF CA 94119-3434. Phone (5 415) CULTURE. For APA-Filk 23. Hail Discordia, attend a filksing. Please index as DOCTOR ORBIT vs. THE TROUBLE CLEF c#'

MAYBE, MAYBE NOT (cs on Apa-Filk #22)

Greg: I have no interest in going bi-monthly.

Harold: Thanx
for the warning. // cJordin: In the Bay Area, PHC can be heard Sat. 3pm live on KALW 91.7 and 6pm delayed on KQED 88.5.

Michael: Welcome. It's about time you got here. Sang and very much enjoyed Country Roads, but cannot remember the scansion in the "If I'd Found..." line.

Marc: cGreg: Nawww...cut it off at its current length, maybe even trim a verse. It's a good filk by my def because of the frequent and easy join-in chorus, but if you're getting bored, others may be too.

Me: c
Marc: For that matter, there is no longer a Sculley Square Station, so MTA needs to be updated.

John: cme: Couldn't get hold of lyrics. Lyric sheets are alas rare, and my transcribing abilities poor, but here's what info I have on gay songs from the rally and modern protest songs in general.

Rally: Besides I Fought the Law and I Won, by Dead Kennedy's as reported in Apa-Filk 21, Blackberri, a gay folk-rocker sang a song with the chorus, "Danny, where you gonna go? Someone's gonna find you wherever you go."

Other: The best known protest song of recent years, is probably Give Ireland Back to the Irish by Paul McCartney and Wings:

Give Ireland Back to the Irish
Don't make them have to take them away
Give Ireland back to the Irish
Make Ireland Irish today

There was also Ulster Boys by Sham 69:

It only can last a few more years
So when you throw them bricks don't you dry no tears...
And now you're lying in a hospital bed
You can still hear the bullets rushing by your head...

The Sex Pistols did God Save The Queen (the fascist regime / ... and there's no future / in England's dream) and Anarchy in the UK (is coming sometime, it might be).

Tom Robinson Band did Glad to be Gay to protest the treatment

(mistreatment) of British gays by the police...

The British Police are the best in the world
I don't believe any of ~~those~~ those stories I've heard
About them raiding gay bars for no reason at all....

→ and the British Press...

Molesters of children, corrupters of youth,
It's there in the papers, it must be the truth.

(Tomx Robinson) also avail on The Secret Policemen's Ball/
The Music, (Not the secret Policemen's Other Ball), which
also contains Pete Townshend's future protest song, Won't Get
Fooled Again.

More recent protests include Tegucigalpa by a San Francisco
group called Party of Five, a new wave disco number protesting
U.S. involvement in El Salvador (the only words I remember are
"Don't do it") and The Lebanon by the Human League ("She
dreams of 1965 / before the soldiers came"..."to find that
we're at war / when we're supposed to keep the peace").

If you are interested in getting "Tegucigulpa" let me know
and I'll try to find out mail order info. The Blackberri song,
the same. I don't know if "I fought..." is on record or not,
but can check on that as well. All other songs listed are
probably available at specialty record shops in Greenwich
Village.

I hope the above info was enuf to reassure you that protest
songs are still around, if a bit harder to track down.

The remainder of this line has been suppressed by the AGT.

Future Filk:

I am working on a filksong about Ghu, called A Ghod Named Ghu
to the tune of A Boy Named Sue. Bay Area fan Dave Rike is
helping me get historical info, but I will repeat my request
to you filk for any info you might have on the Ghuist culture.
The Fancyclopedia entries were fairly useless, and the entries
were written by anti-Ghuists. Info on how DAW gave ~~xx~~ birth
to Ghu would be especially helpful.

End of zine.

Correction: "were fairly useless, as the entries"

...the public...

Queer-bashers caught him, kicked in his teeth
He was only hospitalized for a week

It figures. Right after putting pages 1 and two into the mail, I ~~find~~ am reminded on the radio of two more songs I had forgotten and hear a third whose lyrics I finally pay attention to (those which I can make out). ~~xxx~~ I'm sure there must be many more protest songs in the New Wave and Punk (especially British Punk) genres, if only I could understand the lyrics.

Anyways, two have to do with African politics, probably but not necessarily S. Africa -- if anyone recognizes the names involed, could you please shed some light in your next zine?

A few years ago, there was "Biko" by Steve Winwood was written for murdered African Steve Biko. The more recent "Mr. ~~Mr~~ Mondello" by AKA concerns the current imprisonment of Mr. Mondello, urging he be freed. The DJ on the Quake (KQAK) said people in that country (?) have been arrested for singing that song.

The Quake's DJ's are notoriously bad at back-announcing songs, but I think the following song is by Bananarama:

"Children are starving on the street
There's one disappearing every week
Don't call that justice."

and the title is probably "Don't Call That Justice" or "Justice". Which reminds me, there's Electric Avenue by Eddie Grant:

Eddy³ "Lots of multiplication
But there's not enough to eat, Good God"

"Burning Bright" by General Public may or may not be a protest song. I couldn't make out much from the lyrics besides the word "Springbok"

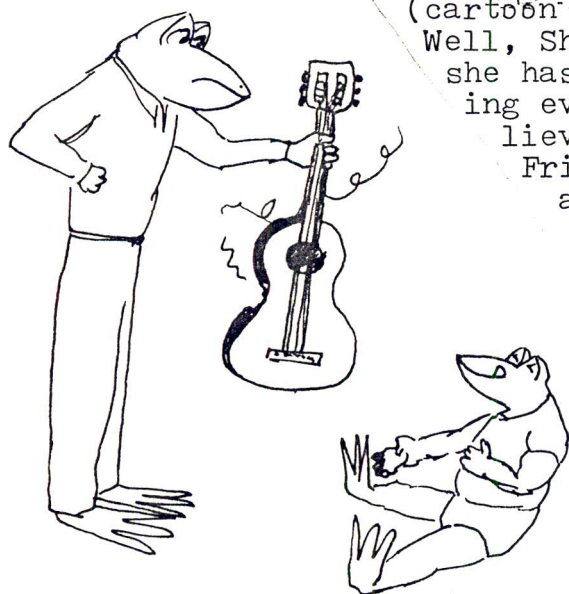
On child abuse: Hell is for Children by Patti Smith (?)

It appears the Indexer, and therefore others, may be confused about my zine numbering system for Apa-Filk. It's actually quite simple. Zines are "numbered", or actually lettered, according to the notes of the staff in the trouble, er, treble, clef: e f g a b c' d' e' f', the prime mark indicating the number of octaves removed from middle C, and the lower case letter indicating notes above middle C. Zines running in Apa-Filk only, as opposed to being additionally franked thru Apa-Nu, are indicated with a sharp; the Filk/Nu zines are, for numbering purposes, natural. So c#' means it is the sixth zine of the series, and is not being run thru Apa-Nu. But it should not be referred to as Doctor Orbit vs. the Trouble Clef, #6 as that is contrary to my intentions and to the spirit of this zine. Thank you for your cooperation. End of zine.

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME
#12 (?) for APA-FILK #23

NEW ADDRESS AGAIN

Margaret Middleton
PO Box 1256, Mountain Home, AR 72653



(cartoon by Gary Anderson)

Well, Sharon Amanda isn't quite to this stage (yet-- she hasn't got teeth, though she is certainly eating everything else she can handle). Hard to believe that 4 weeks ago (as I compose this on Friday night, July 13) I was in labor. Sharon arrived at 7 minutes past midnight, making her birthday actually on June 16th. Birth weight was 8 lbs. 11 oz. (as-of 4-week checkup Thursday this had increased to 10 lbs. 14 oz. Daddy's Little Amazon!)

Enough of boring statistics. Many of you who don't live within my normal convention circuit may not even have been aware that I was pregnant. It was certainly a shock to Harold when he phoned a few months ago.

Besides babying, I've been moving again. To a larger house, on-account of the babying. So I took the opportunity to shift my fan-nish address to a PO Box (against the eventuality of moving again, besides-which when I

took the box we had not yet located the new house and I didn't know when the move would happen, either).

We are actually not in Mountain Home anymore, but in Lakeview, which is about 12 miles away, city-hall to city-hall. The population according to the sign at the citylimits is 512, and all the street addresses are rural-route-and-box. The town is right on the shore of Lake Bull Shoals, just above the dam. We lack about 6 miles (straight-line measure, not by roads) of being in Missouri.

What- with the moving and the babying, the only filk-composition I've been even tempted toward occurred during the week after the delivery; my episiotomy stitches were being such a pain in the ass that I was seriously contemplating filking "Itches In Me Britches" to "Itches In Me Stitches". I couldn't get farther than the title, however. Perhaps fortunately.

Maybe next time I'll have some mailing comments; I don't find any notes to myself in the margins in #22 or #21, so I mustn't have thought of any snappy comebacks as I was reading them.

Next con I will be at after this comes out will be Earthcon IV in Columbus, OH, the weekend of September 8th. I'm one of the BNF-guests. Current plans are for Sharon Amanda to come with me, possibly Morris or my brother Ralph for a relief-driver. Hope to see some of you there.

Margaret

Copy 50

QUIZ ANSWERS

ROBERT E. SACKS
4861 BROADWAY 5-V
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10034

The APA-Filk flyer appeared in APA-DuD #20, 6 January 1979.

It included the words by Lipton

"I reserve the right to either not receive particularly billious items or to lose them"

which proved the reprinted predictions on the prior page, essentially that

"there will be real censorship"

and

"that he will 'throw out material arbitrarily, ..."

A third prediction was listed as thwarted because of the choice of topic.

It's not my fault if APA-Filk refused to be censored by Lipton, because I had nothing to do with APA-Filk. Nevertheless, it was founded with an arbitrary censorship rule. Not being a member, or even a regular reader, I don't know the full details, but I expect that a change took place when the membership wouldn't agree to his closing down the APA when he lost interest in running it.

The timing of the questions is a bit strange. First Lipton attacks people associating with me in TAPS, then Lipton lies about his conversations with me in Q, attacking my character and political philosophy, and all who share that philosophy, and now Burwasser tries to reopen a six-year old disagreement.

If we are going to reopen this disagreement with questions then I have one: Please compare the relative morality of the editor or censor who attempts to remove filth with that of the editor or censor who attempts to add filth, and of their respective supporters.

